

THE TERRIBLE ILLINOIS RAILROAD SLAUGHTER.

THE NATIONAL  
**POLICE GAZETTE**  
A GORY HECATOMB.  
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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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HE BLEW HIS BRAINS OUT.

A VICTIM OF THE CHATSWORTH RAILROAD SLAUGHTER KILLS HIMSELF BY THE SIDE OF HIS DEAD WIFE AND CHILD.





RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1887.

## CAUTION!

A bold fraud, who signs himself "Slater" and who is collecting subscriptions to this paper in the South and West, is a knave and thief, and should be at once handed over to the authorities.

RICHARD K. FOX.

### A FRANK CONFESSION.

The most faithful and the most intelligent defender of Pat Seedy and the ex-champion has been Mr. McCormick, the well-known "Macon" of the *Sun*. "Macon" for weeks took every opportunity to deride Kilrain's claim to the championship, and turned every energy to the work of belittling the international contest just arranged by Richard K. Fox.

But Seedy's ostrich policy has disgusted even "Macon," who thus alludes, in the *Sun*, to the inglorious collapse to which the ex-banker from Chicago has reduced his man:

I believe it is generally conceded that one of the most characteristic traits of a mule is his fixity of purpose, more commonly known as stubbornness. People who are not mules seldom hesitate to acknowledge an error. Some weeks ago there were a good many doubts as to the legitimacy of Jake Kilrain's claim to the championship of America, but since last week they have been dissipated. On Monday night, in the Boston Theatre, in the presence of some 3,000 of his admiring townsmen, John L. Sullivan was presented with a beautiful gold belt, plentifully studded with diamonds and handsomely wrought and engraved. He accepted it in a speech that was evidently carefully prepared beforehand, but which contained not a single clue to his future intentions as a pugilist. I was very much surprised at this, for only a week before his manager, Pat Sheedy, told me that he was satisfied that John's left arm was now as strong as it was before it was broken, and that upon arriving in England early in the fall Sullivan would challenge the winner of the Smith-Kilrain fight, and make the terms of the challenge so complaisant that there would be no escape from a fight except by a complete back down and surrender of the title by the victor. If such is Sullivan's intention, why did he not avow it when his loins were encircled with the valuable and glittering symbol of pugilistic superiority? Why did he not, in returning thanks for the gift, say: "Now, gentlemen, it has for several years been my intention to retire from the ring. Last spring in an encounter I was so unfortunate as to break my left arm. It did not mend as rapidly as I and my physicians thought it would. While crippled, I was challenged by a man who would never meet me, and never talk of meeting me, before my accident. In a moment of anger I made him a present of the championship of America. He has since made a match with Jim Smith, the champion of England, for the championship of the world. As an American, who is of the same stock as Kilrain, I wish him success in that match, but I also here serve notice on him that, should he be successful, I accept the challenge he flaunted at me while I was disabled, and I will meet him for the championship of the world for any sum from \$1 to \$5,000 a side. Should he be so unfortunate as to be defeated by Smith, I will meet his conqueror on as favorable terms, and I pledge my word that I will do all in my power to convince him that I and I alone, am the real champion of America."

I think if John had spoken in this vein the walls of old Drury would have shaken with applause as they never have yet shaken, and that the wind would have been taken out of Kilrain's sails as completely, almost, as though they had been blanketed by defeat. But no, the big fellow let his splendid chance, like a sunbeam, pass him by. He did not even dispute Kilrain's title, so now there is no longer a cloud upon it. I am sorry that this is so. Not that I have the slightest particle of opposition to Kilrain. I have not, and my relations with him are of the pleasantest character, but I believe that Sullivan is the phenomenal pugilist of the world. I think that he is to the ring what Eclipse was to the turf, and I feel sorry that by his silence on the subject I have mentioned he virtually admits that his day has gone by. When Hanover's great career was blighted by defeat I felt a pang of pain, and as I was among the first to recognize and develop Sullivan's surpassing pugilistic powers, I feel sad to see him thus, even though only tacitly, admitting their wane.

# EXTRA WORST YET!!

All the Historic  
Horrors of Rail-  
road Slaughter  
Outdone.

## AWFUL TRAGEDY.

Nearly Two Hundred Hu-  
man Beings Wiped  
Out of Existence.

## BLOODY CHATSWORTH.

A Village Whose  
Gutters Run  
With Gore.

## A BLAZING BRIDGE

Gives Way Under a Loaded Excursion  
Train, and Men, Women and  
Children Perish.

## A HEART-FREEZING HORROR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 11, 1887.—The *Chicago Times* special from Forest, Ill., says: All the railway horrors in the history of this country were surpassed three miles east of Chatsworth, Ill., the night of Aug. 10, when an excursion train on the Toledo, Peoria and Western road dropped through a burning bridge and over one hundred people were killed and four times that number were more or less badly injured.

The train was composed of six sleeping cars, six day coaches and chair cars and three baggage. It was carrying 600 passengers, all excursionists, and was bound for Niagara Falls. The train had been made up all along the line of the Toledo, Peoria and Western road, and the excursionists hailed from various points in Central Illinois, the bulk of them, however, coming from Peoria. Some of the passengers came from Canton, El Paso, Washington, and, in fact, all stations along the line, some from as far West as Burlington and Keokuk, Iowa. A special and cheap rate had been made for the excursion and all sorts of people took advantage of it.

When the train drew out of Peoria at 8 o'clock last evening it was loaded to its utmost capacity. Every berth in the six sleepers was taken and the day cars carried sixty people each. The train was so heavy that two engines were hitched to it, and when it passed this place it was an hour and a half behind time. Chatsworth, the next station east of here, is six miles off, and the run there was made in seven minutes, so the terrible momentum of those fifteen coaches and two engines shooting along at the rate of a mile a minute can be understood.

No stop was made at Chatsworth. On the heavy train with its living freight sped through the darkness of the night.

Three miles east of Chatsworth is a little slough, and where the railroad crosses a dry run about ten feet deep and fifteen feet wide. Over this was stretched an ordinary wooden trestle bridge, and as the excursion train came thundering down on it what was the horror of the engineer on the front engine when he saw that this bridge was on fire!

Right up before his eyes leaped the bright flames, and the next instant he was in the fiery furnace.

There was no chance to stop. Had there been warning half a mile would have been needed to stop that on-rushing mass of wood, iron and human lives, and the train was within 100 yards of the red-tongued messenger of death before the fatal signal flashed into the engineer's face. But he passed over in safety, the first engine keeping the rails.

As it went over the bridge fell beneath it, and it could only have been the terrific speed of the train which saved the lives of the engineer and his fireman.

The next engine went down, and instantly the piled up death was done. Car crashed into car, coaches deeded one on top of another, and in the twinkling of an eye nearly one hundred people found instant death and fifty more were so hurt they could not live. As for the wounded, they were everywhere.

Only the sleeping coaches escaped, and as the startled and half-dressed passengers came tumbling out of them they found a scene of horrid death, and such work to do that it seemed as if human hands were utterly incapable. It lacked but five minutes of midnight.

Down in the ditch lay the second engineer, McClintock, dead, and Fireman Applegate, badly injured. On top were piled the three baggage cars on top of another, like a child's card house after he had swept it down with his hand. Then came the six day coaches. They were telescoped as cars never were before, and three of them were pressed into just space enough for one. The second car had mounted off its trucks, crashed through the car ahead of it and crushed the woodwork aside like tinder. It lay there resting on the tops of the seats, while every passenger in the front car was lying dead and dying underneath. Out of that car but four people came alive.

On top of the second car lay the third, and its bottom was smeared with the blood of its victims. The other three cars were not so badly crushed, but they were broken and twisted in every conceivable way, and every splintered timber and beam represented a crushed human frame and a broken bone.

Instantly the air was filled with the cries of the wounded and the shrieks of the dying. The groans of men and the screams of women united to make an appalling sound, and above all could be heard the agonizing cries of little children who lay pinned alongside their dead parents.

And there was another terrible danger yet to be met. The bridge was still on fire and the wrecked cars were lying on and around the fiercely burning embers. Everywhere in the wreck were wounded and unhurt men, women and children, whose lives could be saved if they could be gotten out, but whose death—and death in a most horrible form—was certain if the twisted wood of the broken cars caught fire.

To fight the fire there was not a drop of water and only some fifty able-bodied men who still had presence of mind and nerve enough to do their duty. The only light was the light of the burning bridge. And with so much of its aid the fifty men went to work to fight the flames.

For four hours they fought like fiends and for four hours the victory hung in the balance.

Earth was the only weapon with which the foe could be fought, and so the attempt was made to smother it out. There was no pick or shovel to dig it up, no baskets or barrows to carry it, and so desperate were they that they dug their fingers down into the earth, which a long drought had baked almost as hard as stone, and heaped the precious handfuls thus hardly won upon the encroaching flames, and with this earthwork, built handful by handful, kept back the foe. While this was going on, other brave men crept underneath the wrecked cars, beneath the fire and the wooden bar which held as prisoners so many precious lives, and with pieces of board and sometimes their hands beat back the flames when they beat up alongside some unfortunate wretch who, pinned down by a heavy beam, looked on helplessly while it seemed as if death by fire was certain. While the fight against the creeping flames was going on the ears of the workers were filled with the groans of dying men, the anguished entreaties of those whose death seemed certain, unless the terrible blaze could be extinguished, and the cries of those too badly hurt to care in what manner the end were brought about if only it would be quick.

So they dug up the earth with their hands, reckless of the blood streaming out from broken finger nails, and heaping it up in little mounds, while all the while came the heart-rending cry, "For God's sake don't let us burn to death."

Finally the victory was won. The fire was put out after four hours of endeavor, and as its last sparks died away the light came up in the east and dawn came upon a scene of horror.

### BRINGING OUT THE DEAD BODIES.

While the fight had been going on men had been dying, and there were not so many wounded to take out of the wreck as there had been four hours before. But in the meantime the country had been aroused; help had come from Chatsworth, Forest and Piper City, and as the dead were laid reverently alongside of each other, out in the corn field there were ready hands to take them into Chatsworth, while some of the wounded were carried to Piper City.

One hundred and eighteen was the awful count of the dead, while the wounded number four times that many. The full tale of the dead cannot, however, be told yet for days.

Chatsworth is turned into a morgue. The town hall, the engine house, the depot, are all full of dead bodies, while every house in the little village has its quota of the wounded. There are over one hundred corpses lying in the exterminated dead houses, and every man and woman has become a zealous nurse. Over in the lumber yard the noise of hammers and saws rang out in the air, and busy carpenters were making rough coffins to carry to their homes the dead bodies of the excursionists, who twelve hours before had left them full of pleasurable expectations of the enjoyment they were to have during the vacation now begun.

### PHYSICIANS SPEED TO THE SCENE.

When the news of the disaster was first flashed over the wires, prompt aid was at once sent. Dr. Steele, chief surgeon of the Toledo, Peoria and Western road, came on a special train, and with him were two other surgeons and their assistants. From Peoria also came Drs. Martin, Baker, Flueger and Johnson, and from every city whence the unfortunate excursionists had come their physicians and friends hurried on to help

them. From Peoria had also come delegations of the Red Men and the Ancient Order of United Workmen, numbers of both societies being on the ill-fated train, and so after eight o'clock in the morning there were plenty of people to do the work that needed such prompt attention.

In the Town Hall is the main hospital, and in it anxious relatives and sorrowing friends are sitting and fanning gently the sufferers' faces. They helped the attending surgeons as they bound up the wounds, and insisted that there must be hope.

Down in the deadhouses fathers, husbands, brothers, sisters, wives and children tearfully inspected each face as it was uncovered, and sighed as the features were unknown, or cried out in anguish when the well known face, sometimes fearfully mangled, but still recognizable, was uncovered.

The entire capacity of the little village was taxed, and kind-hearted women drove in from miles to give their gentle ministrations to the sufferers.

### MEN WORSE THAN GHOULS.

No sooner had the wreck occurred than a scene of robbery commenced. Some band of abominable, heartless miscreants was on hand, and like the guerrillas who throng a battlefield the night after the conflict and nich from the dead the money which they received for their meagre pay, stealing even the bronze medals and robbing from the children of heroes the other worthless emblems of their father's bravery, so last night did these human hyenas plunder the dead from this terrible accident and take even the shoes which covered their feet.

Who these wretches are is not now known. Whether they were a band of pickpockets who accompanied the train or some robber gang who were lurking in the vicinity cannot be said.

### WAS IT THEIR DEVILISH ACT?

The horrible suspicion, however, exists, and there are many who give it credit, that the accident was a deliberately planned case of train wrecking: that the bridge was set on fire by miscreants who hoped to seize the opportunity offered, and the fact that the bridge was so far consumed at the time the train came along, and the added fact that the train was an hour and a half late, are pointed out as evidence of a careful conspiracy. It seems hardly possible that man could be so lost to all the ordinary feeling which animates the basest of the human race, but still men who will rob dead men, who will steal from the dying and will plunder the wounded, held down by the broken beams of a wrecked car, wounded whose death by fire seemed imminent, can do almost anything which is base; and that is what these human fiends did.

They went into the cars when the fire was burning fiercely underneath, and when the poor wretches who were pinned there begged them "for God's sake to help them out," stripped them of their watches and jewelry and searched their pockets for money.

When the dead bodies were laid out in the corn fields these hyenas turned them over in their search for valuables, and that the plundering was done by an organized gang was proven by the fact that this morning out in the corn field sixteen purses, all empty, were found in one heap.

It was a ghastly plundering, and had the plunderers been caught this afternoon they would surely have been lynched.

### HOW THE TRAIN MET DEATH.

The train was composed of a baggage car, next the private car of E. N. Armstrong, superintendent of the road, then six day coaches, two chair cars and six Pullman coaches. The train was in charge of Conductor John Stillwell, of Peoria.

For several days there have been fires along the line of the road all the way across the State. The fire had last evening caught to the timbers supporting the track across a small stream a little over two miles east of Chatsworth. The stream is a mere run across which a boy could jump, but there is now no water in it. The timbers had all been burned away before the excursion train approached. From Chatsworth to the scene of the disaster there is a steady down grade. The train pulled out of Chatsworth at 11:42 P. M. Several passengers say that when it approached the bridge the train was going at a high rate of speed, estimated by several persons at forty miles an hour, the road almost a bee-line, and there were no known obstructions.

The forward engine, No. 21, in charge of Engineer Dave Sutherland, crossed the treacherous bridge, its tender went through: as it dropped it broke from its engine, and the locomotive sped away down the track. The second engine, No. 13, in charge of Engineer Ed. McClintock, of Peoria, and Fireman Axil Applegate, plunged headlong in the break and bounded into the ditch by the roadside, falling upon its side. The cars following crashed together into one terrible mass, their trucks and wheels were jammed into a mass in the gully and into the bank on the opposite side. The bodies of the cars went over the break and were piled up in splintered ruins for some one hundred feet along the track and in the ditches on either side of the embankment, several of them sprang into the air and fell at one side or the other with their sides or top. Several of the passenger coaches were splintered like paper boxes and were so telescoped into each other that one car could not be distinguished from another. The baggage car, Armstrong's car and the eight passenger coaches were torn to pieces. The first Pullman coach, the Tunis, stopped right at the edge of the break and her forward truck went half way into the gully. The front of this car was broken, but none of the five Pullman cars following were injured.

No person was hurt in any of the six sleeping cars. Engineer McClintock, of the second engine, was instantly killed. His head and chest were crushed to a pulp and his brains scattered upon the grass. He leaves a wife and three children. His fireman, Applegate, jumped from the cab the instant he felt the jar. He fell into a ditch and rolled over out of danger, only his right hand was bruised. In the fall he says that he hardly knows whether he jumped or fell.

The baggage-car was telescoped by the car of Superintendent Armstrong, which strangely received less injury than any of the day coaches. The baggage was scattered far and wide, and the superintendent's car was thrown right across the track, with one end in the ditch. It was occupied by Armstrong, by the wife and daughter of H. G. Gould, the general freight and passenger agent, and by the wife of Train Despatcher Parker, of Peoria. None of these four were seriously injured. Armstrong was thrown from the car through the end torn out, and fell on his face, which was badly scratched. The women were in bed and were bruised only.

Hardly any one of the passengers in the day coaches escaped without injury. Nearly seventy were killed outright. A sight of the horrible confusion of the wreck causes one to wonder that any person could have got out alive. Nearly all the occupants of these fatefated coaches were asleep or trying to sleep, and were stretched out in all sorts of positions on the seats,





many of them were dashed from dreams to death. The killed were frightfully mangled and crushed out of shape and likeness by the grinding timbers and iron. Some are so cut and disfigured that their nearest relations cannot recognize them. The occupants of the sleeping cars were aroused from their beds, and after the first wild confusion the men hurried forward to the assistance of the dead and wounded in the ruins. Shrieks and groans arose in a terrible chorus from the debris.

#### STRONG MEN GREW SICK.

The cars were so crushed together and the night so dark that the work of rescue was exceedingly difficult. The horrors of the accident unnerved many of the strongest men. The moans and groans were terrible, and the smell of warm human blood caused many to grow sick. Dead men and women were hanging out of windows and holes in the ends and sides of the cars. Many of the wounded who were crushed or pinned down under the mass were calling for water. Very little water was to be had.

H. W. White, one of the survivors, says: "I was in the second sleeper and we were going along about midnight when there came a peculiar jolting. I thought that we had been derailed. Our porter said, 'We are all right,' when some one said, 'There is a fire ahead.'

"I got up and went to the front. The head engine had rushed on. The second engine had tumbled into the chasm. It had telescoped and the engine was a shapeless mass. The first car was turned to right angles with the track. The remaining eleven cars were telescoped and piled up in one heap.

"Several of us climbed upon the cars, with axes and lanterns, and went to work. The first man we found was Billy Stevens, a confectioner. He was dead. We pulled him out after some effort, and then pulled his two daughters, Emma and Ida, out. They were all dead. Every one was groaning and crying. Their feet seemed to be jammed. Most of them had their legs broken. After an hour and a half we cleared the car. Men were offering \$50 each for relief. Probably there were a dozen bodies taken out.

"I went down on the ground and assisted in letting the dead down. They put a plank up and they helped them out, sliding them down the plank. If they were dead they put them in one pile; if alive they put them in another. Every live person seemed to want to see their family at once. There were in Mrs. James Deal's party five persons. All were killed but one and were horribly disfigured. It was late in the afternoon before they were recognized.

#### DISFIGUREMENT WITH DEATH.

"One of the horrible incidents was a man well dressed who was so badly injured that his bowels were protruding. He called impassionately for water, and as he could not be attended to he finally pulled out his revolver and shot himself through the head. One little boy, the son of the Methodist minister at Abingdon, Frank Snadecker, was found on the bosom of his dead mother. His left leg hung by the skin. His right arm was broken and one eye was put out. He never uttered a groan as they pulled him out and tried to give him a drink of brandy. He refused to take it, and said, 'Give me water.' He never uttered a groan. I found a head hanging from the truck. It was apparently a man and had been caught by the hair.

"I found several headless bodies. Those who recognized the dead immediately ticketed them.

#### HE, TOO, SAW ROBBERY.

"One of the most awful sights was that some of those released robbed the dead of their watches and valuables, and it was a theory among some that the bridge was set on fire in order to thus perpetrate robbery.

"A large number of those who have been pulled out of the wreck are still unidentified. The people in the vicinity did what they could. The fire department turned out, and every one rendered all the assistance possible. They opened up the schoolhouse in Chatsworth, summoned the physicians and did everything in their power. The town resembles a hospital."

There was one incident of the accident which stood out more horrible than all of those horrible scenes. In the second coach was a man, his wife and little child. His name could not be learned to-day, but it is said he got on at Peoria. When the accident occurred the entire family of three was caught and held down by broken woodwork. Finally, when relief came, the man turned to the friendly helpers and feebly said, "Take out my wife first. I'm afraid the child is dead."

So they carried out the mother, and as a broken seat was taken off her crushed breast the blood which welled from her lips told how badly she was hurt. They carried the child, a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl of three, and laid her in the cornfield, dead, alongside of her dying mother. Then they went back for the father and brought him out. Both his legs were broken, but he crawled through the corn to the side of his wife, and feeling her loved features in the darkness pressed some brandy to her lips and asked her how she felt. A feeble groan was the only answer and the next instant she died.

The man felt the forms of his dead wife and child, and cried out, "My God, there is nothing more for me to live for now," and taking a pistol from his pocket, pulled the trigger. The bullet went surely through his brain, and the three dead bodies of that little family lay side by side amid the waving corn.

#### SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

About 5 o'clock a reporter was driven out to the wreck. The driveway led along to the left of the railroad, and to the south of the road was an old-fashioned orange hedge. The road was very muddy and full of chuck holes. A stream of humanity was pouring in from the wreck; some had checks in their hats and carried valises. They were evidently passengers on the ill-fated train. Country boys and girls came along swinging hands and talking in low tones about the terrible disaster. A photographer dragged his weary limbs along the track. He was carrying a camera and a lot of negatives. The road bed was almost level.

Dr. Hazen, of Fort Madison, Iowa, says the train was running about thirty miles per hour when the accident occurred. He felt a sudden jar and found himself and wife fastened under the seats. He pulled the backs off of two seats before he could get his wife out. She was bruised on the body and both her feet crushed. His shoulder was dislocated and he had it pulled into place as soon as he could get out of the wreck. In helping others he put it out of place again and had to have it pulled into place a second time.

There were nine persons in his party, and he can only hear of three of them so far. He says he saw Mr. E. D. Stoddard hand his boy out to a lady, while he crawled back to get his wife, who was killed.

#### "THE SCENE WAS HORRIBLE!"

"It was simply horrible," said Mr. E. A. Van Zandt,

of Peoria, to a reporter. "No words of mine can describe the awfulness of the scene. I was in the rear sleeper, and so was in no danger, as no one in the six sleepers was more than shaken up."

"But even there we got a bad shake. I felt three distinct bumps, and then rushed out of the car and ran forward to the wreck. There the scene was horrible, horrible. The only light was the flames of the burning bridge, and above it the day coaches were piled on top of one another in a heterogeneous mass."

Just a little grade running up to the wreck at a rise of ten or fifteen feet to the mile, about two and a half or three miles from the town on a little raise was the debris of the wreck. The sleeping car Tunis was at the end of the train. It was jacked in the air, supported by the trestles. The front end of the car was directly over the place where the bridge stood. To the right lay a coach, all broken into kindling wood, and directly on the road was piled up what was left of six or seven coaches, turned bottom side up, and broken beyond recognition. Across the track, in front of the pile of debris, was a coach, lying crosswise, at least ten feet in the air; beyond were the two tenders and one engine—one tender was to the left of the track and the other to the right. They were turned bottom side up and rent asunder. The engine was scarcely recognizable. On the side of the cab was the ill-starred number, 13. Only a big pane of glass marked 13.

Along the hedge there were valises, shoes, boots, hats, all manner of articles of wearing apparel, broken lanterns and seats from the cars. It was an awful sight. Hats of men and women, broken and smeared with blood; coats reeking with gore, and ladies' underwear smeared with life blood. It was plain to be seen from the looks of the baggage that the travelers were well-to-do people.

The engine was buried in the ditch, and the headless body of the engineer, Eugene McClintock, was underneath it. From all sides came groans and cries for aid, so we went to work, and we had to work hard, too. If the wreck ever caught fire 300 people would have been burned to death, and the only thing we could do was to smother the fire with dirt. It was hard and slow work and took us four hours to do it, but we did it, and when the fire was out other help came and we got the dead and wounded out, and during the morning carried them over to Chatsworth, where we took what care of them we could.

There was an incident in the affair which was not only remarkable in its way, but shows how terribly those six coaches were jammed and mashed together. When the accident occurred Andy Mooney, of Peoria, and Conductor Stillwell, who was in charge of the train, were three cars from each other. Mooney was in the second car and Stillwell in the fifth. The next instant they found themselves literally in each other's arms, the car in which the conductor was riding having been carried over the two front and dropped on top of the one Mooney was in. The strange part of it was neither man was hurt.

#### THE BURNING CULVERT.

The awful calamity occurred on a comparatively small culvert about ten feet long and not more than twelve high.

The engineer on the head engine saw the fire as he neared the bridge, but it was too late. He saw that the culvert itself was ablaze, and upon this tottering structure the train plunged, going at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The first engine passed over the chasm safely. The second went into the ditch, burying and killing McClintock, the engineer. In, after it, came the rest of the train, all the coaches, except the sleepers, piling on and telescoping.

For an instant after the sound of crushing timbers all was still. Then from out the awful silence rose groans and cries of agony. Flames leaped into the darkness, and, a storm arising, the wind and rain but added terrors and dismay to the awful scenes.

Even in her cruelty Fate was lenient, for she willed that most of those who were killed should die instantly.

A passenger who was in the third coach says that he was first conscious of a jar, and that when the cars went together the noise was like that of a red hot iron touching water. The trucks dropped off, letting the coaches down. All the survivors tell similar stories. Most of the Peorians being in the sleeper more of them escaped than would otherwise have been the case. Many of these were asleep and were conscious only of a jarring when the accident occurred.

They speak in the highest terms of the noble efforts of the people of Chatsworth to give succor and relief, yet all who went there did not give aid.

#### THIEVES ROB THE DEAD AND LIVING.

One of the survivors related that as soon as the first engine cleared the bridge the brush beneath it flamed up as if oil had been ignited. He was fast in the wreck and called for assistance. He was aided by some one outside, and as soon as he was safely out of the wreck his rescuer grasped his watch and tore it from him.

Another man was robbed of his chain, the vandal failing to get his watch also. The fingers of several of the dead were cut off that valuable rings might be stolen.

The robbing of the dead and injured gave rise to the terrible report that the bridge had been fired and the train purposely wrecked for the sake of plunder, but no confidence is placed in this report here.

It is believed that the robbery was the work of vandals who happened to be at hand.

The Board of Railroad Commissioners arrived at Chatsworth at noon Aug. 12, and began an investigation of the recent disaster. J. J. Sutherland, one of the engineers of the train, was sworn. He said he was running the leading engine on the ill-fated train, which was behind its schedule time, having started from Peoria thirty minutes late. Some time was lost at Weston and Forest, and the train was about two hours late when it drew out of Forest. He saw, as he approached the bridge, what seemed to be flames on the south side of the track. He then saw something was wrong with the bridge, but it was too late to do anything. His fireman called to him to jump, and leaped from the engine. He got on the footboard to prepare himself for whatever came, but made up his mind not to jump. When he first saw the bridge it looked like embers. It seemed to burst into flames when he ran on the bridge. It was not a racing fire, nor did it communicate with the cars on the bridge. He saw, as he represented it.

#### "DEATH STARING HIM IN THE FACE."

He shut off the steam, and felt the bridge sink. Sutherland then opened the valve to get the train through. The force of the train pushed the engine over, breaking it loose from the tender. He stopped his engine and ran back to the wreck. He was running between thirty and thirty-five miles an hour, but could not tell exactly.

Witness said he was not in his normal condition as he crossed the bridge, inasmuch as he never expected to get out alive. There was no question in his mind but

the bridge was on fire. He had no power to stop the train between the time he saw the fire and his arrival at the bridge. His engine had no air brake. Neither was the whistle sounded for lack of time. The flames were fanned by the passage of the train.

John Rogers, fireman of Sutherland's engine, swore that he saw a little fire on the side of the track near the bridge. He observed sparks rising and coals in the centre of the track, and jumped from the engine, calling to his engineer to follow. The witness and another fireman ran the engine to Piper City and gave the alarm to the citizens of the town. He thought the bridge was burned away when he jumped. He saw things which satisfied him the bridge was set on fire.

Ale Applegreen, the fireman on the second engine, testified that he was leaning on the sill of the cab window, on the left-hand side, when the engine jumped up in the air and turned over on its side. He was scalded, and thought "he was gone."

J. E. Brown, of Chatsworth, testified that he saw fire from the depot, and watched it from 9 to 11 P. M. He thought it was a locomotive headlight at Gilman.

William Hallen and son, of Chatsworth, testified that while standing at the depot at 8 1/2 o'clock on Wednesday evening they saw a fire on the track out east, and

#### THOUGHT IT WAS A LOCOMOTIVE HEADLIGHT.

At 9 o'clock when they went to bed, the fire was still burning.

Julius Koepte, of Chatsworth, also saw the fire about the same time, and thought it was a train coming.

Three section men testified that Wednesday afternoon they burned the grass east of the bridge from the county line to within forty rods of the structure, and that west of that point the grass had been burned already, so that the fire which they left smoking at 5 o'clock could not have communicated to the bridge.

Much of the excitement which has prevailed in this city for the past three days has died out. All the dead, whether identified or not, have been shipped away. The unidentified are being held at Peoria. In addition to the dead, all the wounded who are able to be moved, except those in private houses, have been taken from here to Peoria. Seven, however, yet remain this morning in the building used as a city hall and engine house. Three of them it was known would certainly die, with possibly a fourth. One of these, Mrs. Valdejo of Peoria, who was erroneously reported dead last night, died this morning. Few of the wounded have yet been removed from the hospital at Piper City. It had been the intention to take those who were able out of there yesterday, but, owing to a misunderstanding, this was not done. Superintendent Armstrong will attend to that some time to-day. A report was received from them this morning, and an improvement is noted in the condition of most of them. Two, however, are past all hope. It was reported this morning that several of the section hands had been arrested, but the Marshall and Coroner know nothing of it. It was also said that another body had been recovered from the wreck, but this, too, was denied.

During the morning the condition of the six wounded survivors in the Town Hall here has changed considerably for the worst. Mortification has set in in most of the cases, and the physicians fear that of the six only two can recover. These are Mrs. Hazen and her sister, Miss Alter, both of Iowa. Adam Schaumberger, of Peoria, and young Walters, of Cottage, N. Y., are not expected to live over a week. H. P. Bond's condition is equally precarious, while for Miss Clark, of Ohio, there is no hope.

Mrs. Peter Valentine, of Peoria, died at Piper City at noon to-day. She was terribly injured in the wreck. Her husband is a Peoria watchmaker. She was the mother of five children.

W. A. Cook gave an account to-day of some things he saw on that fearful night which have not yet been published.

"I was one of the first," said he, "to reach the wreck from Chatsworth. As I neared the train I stumbled over something, and when I got into the light of the burning bridge I found blood upon my boots. I had fallen over a couple of victims who were quite dead. In one car I saw a number of people who would have easily filled two-thirds of the car crowded with the seats, and all into less than one-third of the compartment. Not one of them could move.

"DEAD AND LIVING WERE JAMMED TOGETHER" in one hideous mass. One man had been thrown up against the roof of the coach, and his arms in some manner had been pinned there so that he could not be moved. He was suspended from the roof and was suffering horribly. Suddenly a man entered the compartment who was evidently a fellow-passenger. It looked as if he was giving the other man assistance, but I afterward learned that he had robbed the victim of a valuable gold watch and \$408, and then went away leaving him hanging there."

William Cowan, of the Cottage Hotel, Chatsworth, was also one of the first on the scene. "When I got there," he said, "the scene was terrible. One of the first victims I relieved was a fine, bronzed-featured fellow, who sat with his legs and half his body jammed between the seat he had been sitting on and the car behind, which had telescoped the one in front. The upper half of his body was almost entirely torn away from the lower part, yet he lived in terrible agony. He turned his eyes upon me and said, imploringly: 'Give me a drink of water, and then I'll die and be no further trouble.' I gave him a drink. He swallowed it greedily, then drew a long sigh, and died instantly. The people in that car had been killed in rows, just as they sat. The bottom of the rear car had crashed through it almost to the upper end at about a level with the seats, and there the victims sat in rows, their heads thrown back and their bodies almost torn asunder."

#### A GALLANT PAIR.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Duncan C. Ross, the subject of our sketch, was born in Glasgow, Scotland, March 16, 1856. Ross is a perfect specimen of physical humanity, and on account of his superb figure and superior education was selected to play *Charles*, the wrestler, with Adelaide Neilson and Mary T. Scott Siddons, and later refused several engagements with lesser lights. He is 6 feet 1/4 inch in height, 46 inches around the chest, 18 1/2 inches, 20 1/4 thick, and 17 1/2 calf, and weighs 220 pounds. Mounted on his beautiful charger, he is a perfect picture of a crusader. He sits his horse like a Centaur, and every movement is full of grace and conscious power. He undoubtedly has an advantage over his less fortunate opponents, being a man of considerable means; he keeps four fine saddle horses, which seem to understand every movement of their rider. In a recent contest between Ross and Walsh, Ross received a cut on the sword arm which rendered it powerless, and it fell limp by his side. As cuts on the arm do not count, Walsh was following up his advantage, when his horse was attacked with such ferocity by Ross' animal that all attempts to get near Ross proved fruitless until he

recovered the use of his arm, when his noble animal seemed to realize the situation, and immediately brought its rider within striking distance of his opponent. Ross having defeated the leading athletes, wrestlers and swordsmen in America, he will leave for a trip to the leading countries of the world and try conclusions with the best swordsmen, after which he will retire from all classes of sport and settle on his ranche in Lassen county, California. We add a list of the men Ross has defeated in the athletic, wrestling and chivalric arena.

Athletic: Donald Dinnie, Geo. Davidson, Johnston, Robertson, Rennie, Melrose, Harrison, Foley, Campbell. Wrestling: Wm. Muldoon, Clarence Whistler, Tom Cannon, H. M. Dufur, Col. McLaughlin, Matsada Sorakichi, James Faulkner and Capt. Daly. Mounted Sword Combat: Defeated Col. Chas. Lenon, a Texas ranger; Sergeant O'Davis, 2d U. S. Cavalry; Capt. E. N. Jennings, Eighth Hussars, British Army; Capt. Leo. Gaston, of Napoleon's Guard; Capt. Jacob Voss, 15th Uhlandt Cavalry, German Army; Ex-Brigadier Leon Lexroz, French Army; Captain Garrique, Chasseur d'Afrique, French Army; Sergt. Chas. Crowley, U. S. Army; Major P. O'Brien, of Australia; Capt. J. Green, ex-Confederate; Sergt. M. Roos, Uhlandt Cavalry, German Army; Major Berryman, 4th Royal Irish, British Army; Major Ferguson, in a sword vs. bayonet contest; Signor Giovanni Cafferini, of the Papal Guard; Xavier Orloffsky, Prussian Black Hussars; Sergt. Chas. Walsh, 8th Missouri. Made the Irish giant, Capt. Daly, forfeit \$250 on account of his wife applying for an injunction restraining her husband from meeting Ross, who she feared would back him to pieces.

#### A MEAN OUTRAGE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Our correspondent at Perry, Mo., Aug. 8, writes: Miss Ella Griffin, the sixteen-year-old daughter of David Griffin, residing about seven miles east of this city, retired for the night, wearing a luxuriant growth of auburn hair, of which she was very proud, but upon rising this morning she was horrified to find herself shorn of those beautiful tresses.

Some evil-disposed person at the dead hour of night had slipped into the young lady's bed-chamber and divested her of her hair by cutting it off short while she was asleep. There was no one in the room save the young lady's little four-year-old nephew. The mother of the girl stated that during the night she heard the dog bark, and imagined she heard some one in the house, but subsequently dismissed the matter, thinking it the result of imagination. The young lady cannot be prevailed upon to sleep in the room again.

No trace of the intruder nor trace of the missing tresses can be obtained.

#### A FATAL SALVATION ARMY ROW.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Eaton Rapids, Mich., Aug. 8, says: For some time the Salvation Army barracks here has borne an unsavory reputation. On Saturday night John Williams was at the barracks, accompanied by Mrs. William Matthews, a grass widow. In the course of the services Frank Clark approached the couple, and demanded an introduction to the woman. Williams kicked Clark in the presence of the congregation, and shortly afterwards left the place with Mrs. Matthews. They were met by Clark and the quarrel was resumed. Clark struck Williams, and the latter shot his assailant. Williams and the woman then started on. When Williams was arrested shortly afterwards, a crowd gathered to lynch him, but he was hurried to the county seat and securely placed behind the bars. Clark died early on Sunday morning. The murderer is about twenty-two years old. His victim was twenty.

#### J. N. EMRA.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mr. Emra is the ex-inmate of the New York County Lunatic Asylum who, by his energy and good judgment, was able to lay the abuses of the institution before Mayor Hewitt and cause the latter to order an investigation, which has done so much good in the way of reforming the terrible treatment of the poor unfortunates who suffered so much inhuman treatment. Mr. Emra deserves all the credit for improvement in the condition of affairs at the asylum.

#### MRS. ANN SNOOTS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mrs. Ann Snoots, of Adamsville, near Zanesville, Ohio, has been arrested on the charge of murdering her only child, Carrie, six years old, who died very suddenly on July 8 from supposed poisoning.

#### \$15,000 IN GOLD

Is What a News Correspondent Gets for an Investment of \$1.

As mentioned briefly in our issue of last week's *News*, W. S. Locke, some time past our correspondent at McMillan, held a one-tenth ticket in the Louisiana State Lottery that drew the capital prize—\$150,000. A reporter of the *News* visited Mr. Locke on Saturday last and gleaned the following facts: Mr. Locke has invested in this lottery for the last four months, buying a one-tenth ticket each time, spending in all four dollars. It was his intention to try his luck for one year at least and see what the result would be. On Tuesday, 19th ult., a rumor reached him that a ticket at McMillan had drawn \$15,000, but Mr. Locke would hardly credit the news until a printed list containing the number of the prize-winners was put in his hands. He at once telegraphed the number of his ticket to the New Orleans National Bank and received in reply that if he held that number he was entitled to the money. The ticket was immediately placed in the First National Bank of Marquette for collection, and in less than a week \$15,000 in gold, minus the exchange, was placed to his credit. Mr. Locke has been in the employ of D. L. West, merchant, of McMillan, for a number of years, attending to the railroad office at the same time. He says that he has never sent money for tickets otherwise than in a plain envelope addressed to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La., and has always received his ticket promptly. That the scheme is run on the square is without doubt. Our correspondent and family will visit their old home in Canada for a few weeks, where they have not been for eight years, after which they will probably locate on the line of the new Minneapolis railroad and go into the general merchandise business.

The many friends of Mr. Locke rejoice in his good fortune, and while the *News* loses a good correspondent, it glories alike with the rest.—*Newberry (Mich.) News*, August 4.

